

## Nausicaä Scene HiJacked

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Summary: I took a scene from Nausicaä and HiJacked it. I thought this would be a good time to put it up, what with the revolution going on and all. I'm rating it T because there is slight gore in it...Am I doing this rating thing right?

## Nausicaä Scene HiJacked

### Nausicaä Scene-Girl Dies in Fire(HiJacked)

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><p><strong>I in no way seek to make a profit from this. This is purely for educational purposes. I do not own How To Train Your Dragon, Rise of the Guardians, Nausicaä of the Valley of the Wind, any type of airships, or any blue outfits. I did come up with the idea of a kittenbird though. It's supposed to substitute for the creature Nausicaä befriended near the beginning of the movie.<strong>

\* \* \*

><p>Jack didn't even wait for his glider to land before jumping off. It was terrible. Smoke rose up to the sky like mushroom clouds, fire consumed everything in sight, and the heat was unbearable. Random debris was littered about, metal starting to melt from the intense fire. Jack looked left and right, eyes squinting against the acidic smoke to try and find something, anything. He needed to know if someone out there was still alive.<p>

Being weary of fire, the young prince walked into the crash site, jumping over large pieces of metal and broken cargo. The kittenbird perched on his shoulder would occasionally let out whimpers of anxiety. Jack would never show it, but he too was anxious. And scared, and worried, and just outright sad. That boy from the windowâ€|

He kept searching, tugging at a few things, and overturning others. He didn't find anything. On top of that, it was starting to get hard to breathe. He was going to have to leave—"Baby Tooth suddenly started tittering like mad, claws sinking into his shoulder as the animal floated up and tugged him to the side. His head spun around, and his eyes widened. There, trapped underneath a large piece of metal, was the boy from the window. Even from this distance, he could see how the other twisted and grunted.

"There he is. He's alive!" The prince jumped over another heating piece of airship, glad his blue outfit was made more for mobility than fashion. He grabbed at an edge of the large piece of debris, and hefted it up with a loud grunt. He tossed it aside and huffed, looking down at the other boy. The first thing he checked was if his chest was still moving, and by accident he glanced down to where his hands lay. The boy's wrists were chained. Another wave of sadness mounted on top of the one he was already feeling, but he steeled his face into a neutral expression. Jack grabbed the boy and lifted him into his arms, turning and getting away from the inferno as fast as possible. His people would surely be following him, and would help him get this boy the medical attention he needs.

It took a few minutes longer getting out than it did getting in, the added weight of another person doing nothing to help. But Jack didn't care. Because some extra effort was nothing compared to losing another life. As soon as he was mostly away from danger, he set the boy down onto the ground. Now that he got a better look at him, he could tell that the boy looked no more than two years younger than himself. The boy's clothes were different than what he was used to seeing, too; he had large shoes and a large half-coat of some sort, though his shirt and pants were form fitting. But that wasn't important right now. What was important was the blood staining his clothing.

Jack had tried not to pay attention to it while carrying him, but he couldn't avoid it any longer. It was cruel, how this boy so close to his own age was enslaved, caught in a crash, and...and dying from a destroyed limb. His left leg from the knee down was mangled, burned, and bloody, his foot missing entirely. Jack knew that with an injury that severe one could easily bleed out, and fast. Baby Tooth hopped away from his shoulder and settled herself next to the boy's face, gently giving his freckled cheek a lick. Jack immediately set work to his leg, trying to find a way to stop the blood flow.

"W-Where am I?" his voice was scratchy from the smoke, or maybe that was just how he sounded normally. Jack didn't know. "Don't talk. You're in Burgess of America." The white-haired prince continued his quick work on the boy's leg, but already he knew it was in vain. His left foot was literally gone; the rest of his leg just remains of bones and muscles. And blood, lots of it. Jack was also pretty sure that the boy's breathing wasn't this bad just because of the smoke. He was also too pale, much too pale to be healthy. But Jack refused to give up. He shed his blue coat quickly, and wrapped it around the injured leg. He ignored how the boy grunted and squirmed, how he moaned and gasped while he tied a knot. Then he grabbed his wrist and put two fingers down on it, feeling for his pulse. He waited, and counted, and with a metaphorical slap to the face realized that his heart was already slowing down.

"Iâ€¦. I am Hiccupâ€¦. H-Hiccup of B-", the brown-haired boy bit his lip to hold back another groan of pain, "Berkâ€¦Youâ€¦You have to burn itâ€¦Burn the cargoâ€¦". Jack didn't understand what this boyâ€¦what Hiccup was saying. "The cargo?" The rider of the winds leaned closer to hear him better. "Pleaseâ€¦I'm begging youâ€¦Burnâ€¦Everythingâ€¦"

Jack didn't quite understand why he was requesting this, but he did know that Hiccup shouldn't be worrying about anything right now. "Yes Hiccup, I understand. Everything is burning, don't you worry." The blue-eyed prince instinctively raised a hand to the other boy's cheek, giving it a comforting caress. The dying young man opened his own, letting Jack see his green, glazed eyes. Jack honestly thought it was the most gorgeous thing he'd ever seen.

"Thank youâ€¦"

Jack gave Hiccup a watery smile, and Hiccup gave him an awkward, small, weak one back. They made eye contact, and then Hiccup slipped back into unconsciousness. This time, he didn't wake back up.

And Jack suddenly found himself shedding tears for this stranger who had somehow earned a place in his heart.

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><p><strong>Heeey, rushed endings anyone? So, I do know that Hiccup would better suit the other male character, the one NausicaÃ« meets when she falls into that underground tree area. But I wanted to make something short and angsty at the time I wrote this, and this seemed like the best option. A kittenbird is this cute little kitten with big eyes and a beak and wings and a mixture between feathers and fur. Maybe I'll draw it one day and use it as a cover photo for this, if it actually comes out right and not like a piece of crap.  
<strong>

End  
file.